

The Circus Is Coming!

CARMEL CYMBAL

VOLUME IV. NUMBER 5

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3, 1927

FIVE CENTS. \$2 THE YEAR

Carmel's "Big Top" Promises Scores of Thrills

ARTHUR Cyril, showman extraordinary, says there is one born every minute. One good act for the Circus, he explained. Next Saturday, the floats decorated by George Seideneck, Kelly Clarke and Jack Acres will start down the Avenue. It is too much to tell just what will accompany them, but they will start from the circus grounds at one o'clock, and will be preceded by a real band. After circling the town, fun will start in the "big top". There will be nearly twenty acts, following the grand entrance into the arena. The children's class from the Carmel Riding School will give an exhibition; E. H. Anderson will put on his famous balancing act; Hodges cated Horse will be shown by his captors, be shown.

The amusing clowns relay race will then take place, and Leon Wilson and Billy gaited horses, as well as his jumpers, will Argo will stage an act. The Over Educated Ernie Schweninger, By Ford and Hobart Gassell, ringmaster. A strong man act will be put on by Sergt. Trimbath of the Presidio, and the boy is good. Other acts by the army riders will follow, they will also show their horse that is the pride of the Western Army Posts. Custer's Last Stand will be seen, and the Deluge, a first class water fight will then take place.

After that we will visit the Joy Zone. Hot dogs, pink lemonade, candy, peanuts n' everything will be found there. Arthur Cyril is putting two of his fine Russian wolf hound puppies up to raffle, and has sent to Alma for some of his other dogs to show.

Altogether it will be a grand and glorious occasion with such as only Carmel can startle the stranger in our midst by showing him, or her, or it, as the case may be.

LINCOLN STEFFENS WILL

TALK HERE NEXT SUNDAY

Lincoln Steffens of New York, author of "The Shame of the Cities" and many other well known books, will speak in Carmel at Unity Hall on Dolores street next Sunday evening, August 7, at 8 o'clock, under the auspices of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. The public is invited.

Dogs Again at Town Meeting, and Two Councilmen Bite the Dust

PICTURE MAILED TO OWNER

The valuable wood carved painting stolen from the exhibit of Mary Young-Hunter in the foyer of the Theatre of The Golden Bough more than a month ago, was returned to Mrs. Young-Hunter by mail from Los Angeles yesterday. Its wrapper bore no mark of identification of the sender.

Architect of Ultra Modern School To Talk Here Monday

R. M. Schindler, whose work in ultra-modern architecture is known internationally, will speak at the Johan Hagemeyer Studio on August 8 at 8 P. M. His lecture, which is open to the public, will be of interest to all who are watching the trend of the times, whether in art, music, literature or thought. The significance of his work will be apparent from the prints and photographs he will exhibit. He is a unique figure in the world of today and his influence will carry on into the world of tomorrow. Architecture, more than any other art-form, enaers the life of a people. Hence its enormous value. One can lock up a picture, shut one's ears to music, give away one's books, but it is not possible to get away from architecture. Since, therefore, we find in the hands architects, such power over aesthetic development, it is important to watch the direction in which the foremost of them are going. Mr. Schindler has been recognised all over the world as one of the most interesting and valuable figures in this field, and it is to be hoped that Carmel will respond to the opportunity of hearing him and of seeing his work. The exhibition will be open to the public.

OH SENIOR, HERE'S YOUR PIPE!

If you are a senior in the University of California, The Cymbal probably has your pipe—that is, if you smoke a pipe. It was found on the beach and deep inlaid in silver on the bowl is a Big "C" and within its magic almost circle are the numerals "28". Come in and get it.

Humane Society To Decide Fate Of Undesirables

D. R. A. KOCHER had more to do with the meeting of the city council Monday evening than he at the time knew anything about. He and H. D. Severance, city advisory engineer, vied for consideration for the first three-quarters of an hour of the meeting, and Dr. Kocher won because he was using heavy steel girders against Mr. Severance's mild and restrained voice. After one load of steel for the physician's new building, now under construction next to the city hall, had been deposited with intermittent crashes on Seventh avenue, Severance had his way and the board listened attentively to his preliminary report on a proposed complete drainage system for the city.

It was after Severance's report that the dog question came up again. It consumed, as was the case at the previous meeting, a large amount of time, and ended with the council capitulating and leaving the question in the hands of the Carmel Humane society, represented at the meeting by Miss Louise Conger and Mrs. Halsted Yates.

In his report of a proposed drainage system Severance divided the city into five areas, only one of which he declared would require an engineering solution of its drainage problem. This area is west of San Carlos and south of Ocean avenue. The other areas he said had been cared for in a natural way and would need only the laying of storm drains to connect with natural drains. He accompanied his report with a map and the matter will be taken up in detail later by the council with the city engineer and the superintendent of streets.

The financial report of the city clerk showed a balance of \$8,332.04 in the general fund after the payment of \$2,787.09 in claims for the month of July.

Miss Van Brower, as city assessor notified the board that she had written and completed the 1927 assessment roll and de-

livered it to the board as required by law. The board will meet as a board of equalization on Monday morning, August 8 at 10 o'clock.

City P. Fraser reported that during the month of July 15 cases of varying importance had come before him and 18 various delinquencies cases. He reported having imposed fines totalling \$35 for the month.

Chief of Police August Englund reported two arrests for violations of the fire ordinance, two for petty larceny and six for violation of the traffic laws.

The dog question didn't come up through any volition on the part of the board. It arose when Mayor Jordan asked if any members of a crowded lobby had anything they desired to bring up before the legislative body. Mrs. Yates arose and asked what was to be done in regard to the proposed ordinance prohibiting any dogs on the streets. Mayor Jordan answered with the statement that the council was in a quandary in the matter and didn't know what to do.

"Why not enforce the ordinance you have and compel all dogs to be licensed?" Mrs. Yates asked.

"We'd have to have another ordinance to do that," declared Jordan.

"Why do you have to have an ordinance to enforce one you already have?" was the question of Mrs. Yates.

The mayor subsided at this and Whispering George Wood took up the broken lance.

He said that the council had decided that the only answer to the problem was to pass an ordinance prohibiting all dogs to run at large.

"How can you enforce that ordinance if you can't enforce the one you have now?" It was a characteristic Yates' question and characteristically confounding. Wood talked on for a while, but without contributing much to anything.

Mrs. Yates broke in with the assertion that two years ago the Humane Society had offered to take care of the dog situation for half the licenses collected, providing a pound and a dog catcher.

"And the proposal was turned down by the council even though at the time the dog licenses totalled hardly enough to buy one dog a good meal," she said.

"Are you ready to make the same proposal again?" asked Mayor Jordan.

"We have no pound now," answered Mrs. Yates.

"Well, suppose the board assists you financially?" suggested Jordan.

"What would be acceptable," answered Mrs. Yates.

"How much would you want?" asked the mayor.

"I couldn't tell that off hand," answered Mrs. Yates. "We would have to discuss the matter and figure on costs."

"Well, how much? Would \$100 do?" asked the mayor.

"One hundred dollars for what?" Mrs. Yates asked.

"One hundred dollars to start you". Then Mrs. Yates laughed, and what she answered she doesn't remember and in the

merriment of the occasion we also have forgotten.

The conclusion of the matter was that the two council men who did any talking at all—Fenton Foster, who backed the dogs at the previous meeting, was as silent as the treasurer of the Harrison Memorial Library fund—humbly offered to listen to any proposal the Humane Society might make at the next meeting.

AT THE MANZANITA

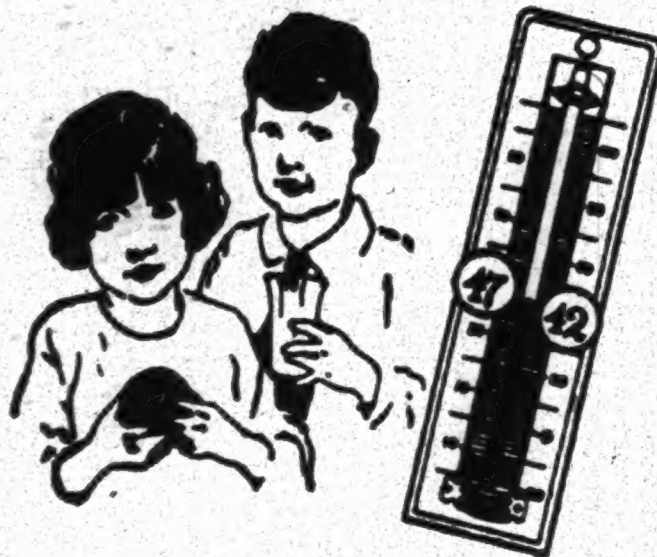
Tonight, "Lovers", with Ramon Navarro and Alice Terry; Thursday and Friday, "The Yankee Clipper", with William Boyd and Elinor Fair; Saturday, "The Si Ray"; Monday and Tuesday, "Tell it to the lent Rider", with Hoot Gibson; Sunday, "Vanity" with Leatrice Joy and Charles Ray; Monday and Tuesday, "Tell it to the Marines", with Lon Chaney.

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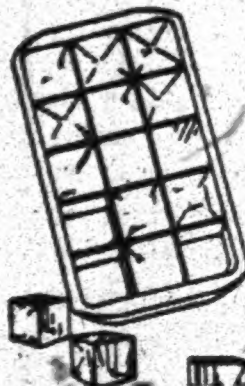
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COAST VALLEYS GAS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY



Says Hilda About Forest Theater Production of Romeo and Juliet:

MANY of us who saw Hamlet given at the Forest Theater last summer, attended Romeo and Juliet on Friday and Saturday night in the hope of seeing as fine a performance, and came away disappointed. Last year Jadwiga Noskowiak and Herbert Heron played Ophelia and Hamlet with a finished and perfect art that in my mind gave them first place of honor in Carmel in a year of unusually excellent acting. This year, as Juliet and Romeo, they failed to put that intangible something over the footlights that makes or breaks a performance.

Louise Walcott, playing Juliet's nurse, gave a finished and highly entertaining characterization. At times her work seemed a bit modern for the rest of the cast, but it was one of those pieces of work that stick in the memory and give pleasure long after the play itself has moved from the stage. It was a splendid and well poised interpretation, and takes first honors of the evening.

Herbert Heron is an artist as well as a scholar, with a mind well stored with Shakespearean learning. He has a technique always excellent, but as Romeo his voice lacked the shades and nuances in many scenes that would have added tenderness and evoked sympathy. He gave us a fine reading of the lines, but there was not enough feeling within.

The same thing applies to Miss Noskowiak's Juliet. She looked very lovely, but at moments became too saccharine, jumping from that to a sophistication entirely foreign to the accepted version of Juliet. Her voice and enunciation are musical, but her reading of the lines is not good enough for the lovely lyrics of Shakespeare's verse. She gave us nothing that we might not have reasonably expected of her; and a Shakespearean performance should surprise us with new visions.

One of the most realistic bits in the play, and finest pieces of acting was contributed by Edward Kuster in his final scene when Mercutio was killed. His work stood out there, but his make-up was amazing. Neville Brush, as the Prince of Verona, read his lines with distinction, and Alden Almstead, as Tybalt, had the roistering walk and gestures necessary to a fiery noble of Verona. Fletcher Dutton was at times very good as Peter, Eugene Watson as Friar Laurence read his lines smoothly, and the rest of the fairly large cast was efficient in varying degrees.

It would have been better if the scenes had all been played in one setting. In the Forest Theater we have a unique stage, and it is absurd to draw cardboard flats across it to make small rooms . . . as Friar Laurence's cell etc. . . . for an audience with imagination enough to go to a Shakespearean play may be credited with imagination enough to forget they are not looking at stone walls. Ben Greet

solved this problem.

Here, then, we had swift acting, love, fire, good music, some poor dueling, and occasional high spots in acting; but all this is nothing to measure beside such acting as the principals gave us last year in Hamlet, or such a playwright as Shakespeare.

—HILDA

SAMUEL HUME TO MARRY

MAURINE BELL, SCULPTRESS

From Paris comes the news that Samuel Hume, formerly head of the drama department of the University of California, and an authority in little theatre work, is to marry Maurine Bell, daughter of former congressman and Democratic leader Theodore Bell of Oakland. She has been in Paris for two years studying sculpture under the distinguished master Antoine Bourdelle.

Last year Hume was divorced by his wife, whom he married in Scotland in 1910 shortly after rescuing her from the Seine river when the boat she was riding in was run down by a larger craft. This will also be Miss Bell's second matrimonial venture, as she married William R. Davis of Oakland shortly after her graduation from college.

CARMEL YOUNGER SET

ENTERS INTO DRAMATICS

Fired by the enthusiasm displayed at the Forest Theater and missing the children's play this year, a little group of our serious thinkers of the younger set got together, built a stage, wrote two plays, directed and acted them.

The stage was built in Louise Walcott's backyard, and when asked respectfully by the press if they wrote the play, Anne Walcott and Helen Wilson said they had written "The Mystery Man", and "thought up" the other two.

They played to a good cash audience too, no paper was in the house. The costumes, with variations following a well known precedent, were by Rhoda Johnson. The young playwright-actor-manager-ticket-seller group consisted of Anne Walcott, Helen Wilson, Jean and Elaine Addis.

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THE CARMEL CYMBAL

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City Official Paper of Carmel-by-the-Sea

"Kick-In" Has All the Ear-Marks of Good Show To Be

LOOKING over the cast, director and willing workers associated with "Kick In" the Abalone league play at the Theatre of The Golden Bough on August 16, 17, and 18, we have decided that none of this bunch put the bolony in Abalone. Their athletic training shows in the snappy way they pick up cues, or stage flats, as the case maybe. Hal Busey who learned real ball with the Tigers, in spite of the fact that it is rumoured he played big league stuff with St. Louis, has come across in great style, and he is giving the theatre, lights and everything at cost to the league. That's the spirit.

Talbert and Winsor Josselyn are the generals of the ticket-selling brigade, and the three houses will be sold out. There will be no "paper" seats. At the show, as well as on the diamond, the audience will get their money's worth. The actors are trained to take hard knocks on the diamond, so they eat up Frank Sheridan's excellent coaching.

The rigid discipline shown by Frenchy Murphy, Tad Stinson, Fred King, Mike Uzzell, Frank Murphy, Jimmy Wilson, and Bill Young in the stage shifting sets compels our steadfast admiration. It was almost decided that the right idea was to have this vast army (and I have only mentioned about half of them) stand quietly, scarcely breathing, and then at a given sign all, with one move strike the whole set.

Helen Wilson looked 'em over and said "Yes, but suppose the first one makes the wrong move." Now some other bright idea will have to spring into being, for the first one making the wrong move would certainly gum the works.

Everyone is on their toes, and it has been rumoured that the famous Abalone band will be formed and heard on our streets again. Come on everybody, "Kick In".

—H. A.

GOLDEN BOUGH SCHEDULES FOUR GOOD PICTURES

Next week the Golden Bough is showing four good motion pictures. Sunday and Monday, "Summer Bachelors", from the novel of that name by Warner Fabian, with Madge Bellamy, Olive Tell, Walter Catlett and Matt Moore will be shown. This has proven one of the biggest box office attractions of the current movie season. It is the story of a gay set of prosperous men whose wives have gone away for the summer, and the husbands play while the wives are away. It is one of those rare combinations of story, cast, and directing, and is fine entertainment.

On Tuesday, "Fifth Avenue", with Marguerite De La Motte, Allen Forrest, Louise Dresses, and Anna May Wong, gives a startling glimpse behind the scenes of New York, when a Southern girl, ambitious unsophisticated and penniless comes to Fifth Avenue. There is a veritable fashion show in the picture as well as a dramatic and appealing story.

On Wednesday and Thursday, "Fig Leaves", with George O'Brien, Olive Borden, Phyllis Haver, and Andre De Beranger, will be given. It is a rollicking comedy drama that proves Adam didn't know what he was starting when he gave a rib to learn the quaint old sport of matrimony. It is a Howard Hawks production, and proves that the problems of husbands have not changed much since in the garden of Eden when Eve told Adam she had nothing to wear. The play has a mo-

dern setting, but for a delightful sequence it takes us back to that far time in the Garden of Eden.

On Friday and Saturday "Colleen" from the Saturday Evening Post Story, with Madge Bellamy, J. Farrell McDonald, and Charles Morton, with a News, Comedy and Scenic will be shown.

NEW BOOKS IN THE CARMEL LIBRARY

Astonishing Crime in Torrington Road..... William Gillette
The Kiosk..... Brock
Brother Saul..... Donn Byrne
Twilight Sleep..... Edith Wharton
Mr. Fortune's Maggot..... Warner
Sun and Moon..... Gowen
Goose Feather Bed..... Thurston
Islanders..... Hall
Lost Ecstasy..... Rinchart
Immortal Longings..... Ben Ames Williams
A Girl from China..... B. van Vorst
Two Stolen Idols..... Packard
The Small Bachelor..... Wodehouse
The Case Book of Sherlock Holmes..... Conon Doyle
Riata and Spurs..... Siringo
Mother Knows Best..... Edna Ferber
The Arrow..... Morley
The Victory Murders..... Johns
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ARGO-NOUGHTS

ABUSE is all one can expect from ones friends. Yesterday we (editorial and otherwise) arrived at Sally's for lunch to find that when Sally's back was turned some "vandals" from the outer world had annexed our round table that is, and should be (for do we not use it all the year) sacred to the gang. The sun was shining, so we repaired to the patio and put several tables together. Came the yellowjackets. And came and came. By Ford was at my right, and Marian Todd at my left, and they started picking on and at a yellowjacket that was eating butter to improve it's waist line.

"Be careful" they were told. "That bee may not know just who is annoying it, and sting me by mistake."

Marian looked up and said reproachfully, "Well, when it stings you it dies, and won't you do that much for us?"

It didn't, and I didn't.

PASSENGERS on the San Francisco train one day last week were treated to a splendid one man show. Jo Mora, who had, a moment or two before he left the house, completed his statue of St. Francis for the Bohemian Grove, got on the train at Monterey, and parked his bag and St. Francis in the smoker. Then he walked back, and finding Ruth Austin in the chair car, sat down and talked to her. As the train stopped at Del Monte Junction, Jo happened to look up, and to his horror he saw the smoker, with St. Francis, being backed away from the rest of the train.

With a "My God" of anguished despair he jumped and rushing off the car, ran down the track after the train sliding away into the distance. Ruth glanced at her fellow travellers and saw nothing but sympathy in the faces. "He's gone" one sighed, and patted her on the shoulder. Seeing herself in their eyes as a deserted woman, Ruth became almost hysterical, and two more passengers started to comfort her.

In the meantime Jo had reached the smoker, climbed on and rescued St. Francis and had returned to the other section of the train. He got on the car, with St. Francis under his arm, and the famous Mora smile on his face. What the other passengers thought then it is hard to imagine, but, to quote Jo in "The Bad Man" "In one leetle hour I feex everything". He did.

PAUL Flanders gets the tin medal this week. On Monday he stepped out of his office to see a chauffeur looking up and down the street in bewilderment. Buttonholing him firmly was a determined looking woman, wearing aloft the white ribbon of the W. C. T. U. Seeing Paul the chauffeur said "Maybe this gentleman can tell you all about it."

Caught, Paul had to stand his ground, and to his surprise the woman asked, "Can you tell me where Aimee's shack it?"

He had steeled himself to hear something else, but his wits had not fled. "No I can't" he said. "I've lived here five years and never heard of it, but" he added brightly, "maybe some other tourist can direct you."

—HILDA

Sigurd Russell and Ben Legere Here This Week

TWO theatrical producers are to pay us a visit this week and give us samples of their art. Sigurd Russell founder of The Potboiler Art Theatre of Los Angeles will tell us his famous "Gasoline Stories" while Ben Legere will give a reading of John Howard Lawson's sensational Jazz drama "Processional".

Ben Legere has been twice with us before. Three years ago he produced "The Master" at The Theatre of The Golden Bough and last year gave a reading of "They Knew What They Wanted" and Sigurd Russell's production of O'Neill's "Beyond the Horizon" in Carmel will never be forgotten.

While in Los Angeles this winter Mr. Legere has played some striking roles in "The Firebrand"; "Magda"; "Processional"; and "Singing Jail Birds". It was through his superb acting in this last play that a critic wrote in The Los Angeles Record: Last evening's opening was notable for the acting of Ben Legere as "Red" Adams, whose work rose to great heights, as perfect a performance as any man or woman has given in Los Angeles this year.

Sigurd Russell is a romantic character who has wandered all over the globe working his way as he went. His anecdotes of personal contact with people of art and letters are a delight to his audiences and he gives us O Henry like snatches of most

unusual experiences. He calls them "Gasoline Stories" because he has given them so often by the road side to motorists.

Though they are coming to Carmel to rest by holding readings and story-tellings Russell and Legere have a personal reason for being with us: they want to plan a cabin-studio house on some lots on Dolores Street.

JESSIE ARMS BOTKE HAS CANVAS ON BIG LINER

Cornelis and Jesie Arms Botke, now established in their new studio in Los Angeles, are completing decorative panels for the home of Mrs. Keith Spalding in Pasadena, according to word from the south. It is also announced that Mrs. Botke is one of twelve artists exhibiting a canvas on the liner Belgenland, under the new plan for art exhibits on the great passenger liners on the Atlantic. It is an idea of the Grand Central Art galleries. In commenting on the plan, Cornelis Botke writes us: "It is the one-time and place where people might be glad to look at paintings; that is, providing they are not seasick. The exhibit is fairly conservative, so this lessens the possibilities of seasickness among gallery visitors who have survived the roll of the waves."

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PERSONAL MENTION

At the close of the R. O. T. C. Mr. Lawton Pendleton Cooper spent several days in Carmel with his sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mays. He left this week for the South.

Mrs. Rose DeYoe is in the South for a few weeks, where she will visit friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Cowles of San Mateo, Mrs. Harold Amphlett, Miss Elizabeth Hole, and Murphy McHenry, spent several days here last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilberforce Williams have returned to San Mateo from Pebble Beach, where they were occupying the summer home of Mrs. Williams sister, Mrs. Charle Wheeler, of Bryn Mawr.

Miss Juanita Turner came down from San Francisco Sunday, and will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Turner for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. George Gordon Moore, who are spending the summer on their ranch in the Carmel Valley, entertained a box party at the Salinas rodeo last week, when their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Joseph O. Tobin, Mr. Jean de St. Cyr, Mr. Will Tevis Jr., and Mr. Lansing Tevis.

Miss Radgesky came down from Berkeley on Saturday and is leaving for the north on a fortnight's holiday with her sister, Miss Marcelle Radgesky, of the Carmel Land Company.

Mr. Wilson Mizner, of New York, who has been the guest of his niece, Miss Ysa-bet Chase, is visiting in Santa Barbara before returning to the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones, and their daughter, Miss Vail Jones were visitors here last week from Marin County. Miss Dorothy Burns entertained at dinner at the Del Monte Grill for Miss Jones one night during her stay.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Reynolds of Carmel Highlands, and Mrs. A. Germaine of Los Angeles spent several days in San Francisco last week. Reynolds went up to the Bohemian Grove for a few days.

Dr. and Mrs. Bishop, who are old Carmel summer residents are here for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard Miller and their children are visiting friends in Carmel. They recently returned to their home in Oakland from Pine Crest, in the mountains.

An engagement of interest to Carmel friends is that of Miss Claudia Stuart Barden, to Ensign William Renwick Smed-

burg of San Francisco. Miss Barden is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. William Barden of Governor's Island, N. Y., and a sister of Lieutenant Stuart Barden, who plays polo on the Presidio of Monterey team.

Harold Hestwood left on Monday morning for Los Angeles, motoring South with friends.

Lawrence Dorsey came down from San Francisco on Saturday and will be here this week helping Arthur Cyril with the Carmel Circus.

Mr. and Mrs. John Carter who have been the guests of Mrs. Percy Smith for several days, returned on Sunday to their home in Hollywood.

Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Taylor of Pasadena are in their home on Camino Real for the summer. Their daughter, Mrs. R. L. Masten (nee Hildreth Taylor) and her husband are also in Carmel, staying at the Rand Rogers cottage on Carmel Point. The Mastens are building an attractive home at Highlands.

Miss Kathleen Hickson of Woodside

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

spent the week end in town with Mrs. Yodee Remsen and Lucy Challiss.

Miss Ann Foppiano of Healdsburg was in town over the weekend, the guest of Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous.

Richard Boke and Billy Heron left Monday for a two weeks camping trip in the Big Creek country, where they will spend their time a hunting the deer. They have made it plain to their friends that they intend to eat all that they kill, and bring none home.

Major and Mrs. Roberto Pennazzi-Ricci, who have been spending the early summer in Carmel and San Francisco are at present staying at Lake Tahoe. Mrs. Pennazzi-Ricci was formerly Miss Dorcas Jane Powers, daughter of Mrs. Madeleine

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Powers Uhlman,, and now lives in Aquila Italy.

Mrs. L. A. Nares is at Pebble Beach, the guest of Mrs. Kenneth Monteagle for a few days. She has taken the Gray cottage on Casanova street for three weeks. Mrs. Nares has been in Los Angeles on her way home from New Orleans, and will return to her home in Louisiana at the end of her visit here.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Bechdolt spent the week end in San Francisco, motoring up to see Ray Long, the editor of the Cosmopolitan magazine, in which many of Bechdolt's Western stories appear.

On Saturday evening Mr. and Mrs. J. E. E. Montague of Berkeley entertained some of their St. Louis friends at an informal party given in the Murphy cottage at Casanova and Twelfth Avenue. Among those present were Miss Bulkley, Dr. Roland G. Usher, Mrs. Usher, Mr. Grant Wallace, Mrs. Wallace, Miss Moira Wallace, Mr. Donald Montague, Mr. Jack Montague, Mr. Matthew Murphy.

Mrs. Henry Humann with her three children and their nurse are in Carmel from Pasadena for two months. They are the guests of Mrs. Humann's mother, Mrs. Ninole Locan.

Mr. and Mrs. George Mullnix and their two children of Auburn are coming to Carmel next week and will be the guest of Mrs. Mullnix's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Hicks.

Mrs. Warren, and Mr. Tom Warren have returned to their home in Carmel after a holiday of several weeks spent in the Bay Cities.

Mrs. W. Cooke and Miss Evelyn Arne are spending a fortnight in Fresno, the guests of Mrs. Cooke's sister.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dickinson entertained Philip Percival, a big game hunter of British East Africa, whom Mr. Dickinson met on his big game expedition last year. Percival was on his way to Alaska to hunt Kadiak bear.

Mr. and Mrs. George Kegg came down from San Francisco to attend the performance of Romeo and Juliet, and were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Jordan. Several years ago Kegg played the Caliph in "Kismet", and Mrs. Kegg sang.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Erickson welcomed the birth of a baby daughter at El Adobe hospital in Monterey Monday morning. The new baby has been named Irene Goold Erickson for her mother. This is the second child of the Ericksons, the first is also a girl—Henrietta. Erickson is proprietor of the Carmel Dairy.

Mrs. C. H. Bassett has returned from

a visit with friends in Los Gatos.

CRAFT EXHIBIT TO BE HELD HERE ON AUGUST 14

There will be an exhibition of the and Crafts hal on Casanova street on craft work done in Carmel at the Arts August 14. Mrs. Sara Deming wants everybody who does craft work, weaving, wrought iron, plastic work, etc. to communicate with her at once. She also is hoping to have an exhibition of the work if local architects. She may be reached at the Old Cabin Inn, on Camino Real near Seventh.

WILLIAM WATTS TO HAVE EXHIBIT AT ARTS AND CRAFTS

Starting on Sunday, August 7, William Watts will hold an exhibition of his paintings at the Arts and Crafts hall. Miss Ada Champlin will be the hostess and Mr. Watts will show one hundred of his pictures, many of which he painted in Africa and Spain last year.

Mission Mesa New Carmel Land Offering

A NOUNCEMENT of the sale of home sites on the Mesa overlooking Carmel Mission is made in this issue of the Cymbal.

The Mesa is the third and last section of the Hatton Fields property lying west of the County Road and eastward from Carmel. In a year and a half Hatton Fields has realized something like a quarter of a million dollars from the sale of restricted residence plots, at prices ranging from around \$1,000 to \$10,000. Old timers, as well as newcomers, have purchased freely, and this part of Carmel has set a record for activity in building.

The Mission Mesa, as it will be called, is view property, perhaps even more so than the Hatton Fields tracts lying farther north. Many of the Mesa sites have a marine view that cannot be cut off, and all afford a view of the beautiful Santa Lucia mountains.

Here, as elsewhere in Hatton Fields there are no forty foot lots. An area equal to three Carmel lots is about the least one can buy. No Mesa plots can be subdivided, and all carry the other protective restrictions of Hatton Fields. Open-

ing prices range from \$1050 to \$6500, according to size and location.

The installation of water mains has been completed, and good gravel roads run through the property. Plans for a golf course on the rolling ground eastward of The Mesa are also being carried forward by the Carmel Land Company.



NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that the 1927 assessment roll of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea will be open to the public in the office of the City Clerk in the City Hall of the said City of Carmel-by-the-Sea from Monday, August 1, 1927, until Monday, August 8, 1927, at which last named date, at 10 A. M., the Board of Trustees of the said City of Carmel-by-the-Sea will meet as a Board of Equalization.

SAIDEE VAN BROWER
City Clerk of Carmel-by-the-Sea

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Notes and Comment



IN a perfectly good setting, "with the wind behind him", as one might say, Fire Chief Robert Leidig did himself proud, and his city proud at the Manzanita theater Monday and Tuesday evenings with as fine a speech on fire prevention and the duties and responsibilities of a fire department we remember ever having heard. It was almost an inspired speech, almost as thrilling—hearing Bob Leidig make it—as was the motion picture, "The Fire Brigade", which followed it. The city of Carmel is fortunate in having such a man at the head of surely the most important functioning body of our government. Chief Leidig has made a study of his job and knows all the details and functions that go with it. He is an assiduous student of all the ramifications of fire fighting and fire prevention and he is persistent and conscientious in his efforts to prevent any conflagration that might threaten us. And behind him is a fine group of men as determined and trustworthy as he is. Carmel should be and is, we are sure, proud also of them. And the picture they showed us Monday and Tuesday nights does them considerable credit. It was not only gratifying in that it provided countless and unbelievable thrills, but it was thrilling in that it beat considerably away from the path of the Hollywood variety of absurdities and gave us something to think about together with an undeniably good love story and extremely acceptable humor. There was a grimness about it also that was good for the emotions and the mind. When the young fireman, the last of three brothers two of whom had lost their lives in the line of duty fighting fires, discovers that perfidy has something to do with holocaust, he says to his mother: "We aren't fighting fires; we're fighting grafters", he said something few of us will quickly forget and, we hope none of us will have to remember with future horror when our community grows to the point where favoritism of governing bodies to contracting concerns will spell its results in letters of death and torture. Chief Leidig has given us a lesson we can ill afford to forget, in bringing "The Fire Brigade" to Carmel and making the speeches that went so appropriately with it.

THE TWO members of the Carmel city council who were careless enough to give her the chance, were made to appear extremely 'silly' by Mrs. Halsted Yates at the meeting of the council Monday night. Connecting Mrs. Yates' name with it, one would know that the subject had to do with dogs, or would be pretty certain of it. It did, and Mayor Jordan and Councilman George Wood left the meeting not at all happy in the mayor's decision to ask Mrs. Yates if she

had anything to say to our august governing body. It developed that she had, and when she finished, the council, or the two careless ones, agreed that there would be no action taken in regard to ruling all dogs off the streets of Carmel until the Carmel Humane Society presents its detailed idea of the situation at the next meeting of the board. Both Mrs. Yates and Miss Louise Conger, who were at the council meeting in the interests of the dogs, expressed themselves as they departed a bit dubious of any satisfactory results coming from any such capitulation on the part of the city council. As Mrs. Yates told the board, such an offer of assistance in the dog problem was made to the trustees of the city two years ago and it was flatly turned down. At that time the Humane Society offered to provide a pound and a dog catcher if the trustees would give the organization half of the dog licenses that were collected. At the time of the offer the dog licenses did not amount to enough to do anything in the way of actual reform, but the society intended to raise the total of the license collected through an enforcement of the law. Monday night Mrs. Yates asked Mayor Jordan why the city did not now enforce the dog license law and thereby rid the streets of many of the dogs no one wanted. Jordan's reply, and Mrs. Yates' retort, both of which should become history, are printed in the news columns today. Then, when Councilman Wood all too feebly came to the mayor's assistance, he also made an epochal statement, otherwise noted, and was greeted with an answer by Mrs. Yates similarly to be found elsewhere in this issue. The unbelievably magnanimous offer of \$100 to build a pound, hire a dog catcher, feed the dogs, and a few other things for which the balance might be used, was made by the mayor and the dog debate ended in a riot of mirth. However, the Humane Society is to present a plan at the next meeting of the council, and the anti-dog ordinance proposed by Councilman Wood at the last meeting and favored by a majority of the board, remains in abeyance. It might, and should, be noted, that Councilman Fenton Foster, recognized in some circles as the "independent" member of the board, did not open his head during Monday night's proceeding, although at the previous meeting he had protested against the Wood proposal and had said he was "for the dogs".

WE don't know how Miss Dene Denny and Miss Hazel Watrous are faring in their 1927-28 Golden Bough subscription season campaign, but we do know how they should fare. They should find no difficulty, but considerable enthusiasm, in their plans and there is little doubt that they will find it. We often wonder whether or not Carmel realizes and appreciates what the Theatre of The Golden Bough has meant to this community, what it means now, and what it is destined to mean. We pass the attractive street foyer to the theater many

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

times a week, we guide strangers within our gates to its gates, we take a pride in it; its beauty and its ineffable charm. We sit in its wicker chairs and feel the silent comfort of its unembellished walls. And we have seen on its stage within the past three years many fine and everlasting interpretations of dramatic art. It is a thing of actuality to us—to many throughout this land, who live in unbounded realms of spiritual beauty, but to whom the actual miles are barriers, and who have not seen the Theatre of The Golden Bough or passed through its gates, it is a dream thing that lifts Carmel above the mass of communities of the west. To many such as these it is a predetermined goal that someday they hope to reach. It stands as something high and fine in the world of beauty and drama. It does this not alone in its physical self, but in what it stands for and what it has endeavored to uphold. It is the pinnacle of the pride of the best of Carmel residents. It actually means more to Carmel as a characteristic part of Carmel's being than anything else we have. Its perpetuation is not a necessity; it must be a certainty. Support of it, and its plans, and its dreams for the future, is incumbent on us who retain our visions of this community in the world of things beautiful. Under the direction of the Misses Denny and Watrous the Theatre of The Golden Bough promises to move

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COLLEEN

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J. Farelle McDonald

"From Saturday Evening Post"

News

Comedy

Scenic

swiftly along the golden road. We are in a position at this time to walk joyfully with it on its way. Our subscription to this coming season will lighten that step and brighten that vision.

THE FOLLOWING letter was received this week by the editor of The Cymbal from L. L. Wirt, who was in Carmel about two months ago and spoke before the Women's League for Peace and Freedom. Charles R. Brown, of whom he speaks was, and, we believe, is now dean of the Yale School of Religion. He was pastor of the First Congregational church in Oakland for thirteen years. He has the distinction of having been publically urged by members and ministers of every denomination in Oakland not to leave his pulpit there at a time when he was considering an eastern call. The letter from Mr. Wirt arouses in us conflicting emotions.

San Francisco, July 27, 1927

Mr. W. K. Bassett,
Editor, The Carmel Cymbal
Carmel, California

Dear W. K.:

Returning from our summer home in Ben Lomond, I find copy of The Carmel Cymbal on my desk and note that you have kindly presented me with a year's subscription. This friendly act is greatly appreciated. Not only will The Cymbal give me many a bon mot but it will also remind me of delightful friendships of other days.

Apropos I thought of you last night while sitting in the new First Congregational Church of Oakland, listening again to the clipped sentences, rapid-fire speech, lucid arguments and human sympathy of our great and good friend Charles R. Brown. He took for his subject 'Main Street' and traced its wanderings through human society, high and low. He pictured it vividly passing through a suburb of wealth, a financial district and the inevitable purlieus. He pictured Christ sitting in the home of the Publican with the woman of the slums drawing near, breaking her box of alabaster and bathing the Saviour's feet with her tears. With all his old dramatic power and understanding of the human heart he made that great audience feel the sinfulness of sin and the eternal value of goodness.

Well, there is only one Charles R. Brown—God broke the mold after he made him. I am glad both you and I have caught something of the strength of his character and the beauty of the Via Delorosa along which he still carries his cross and beckons his friends to follow.

Cordially,

L. L. Wirt

Western Secretary
National Council for Prevention
of War

THE following clipping from "House and Garden" has a pointed application to things immediate in Carmel:

In the realm of civic endeavor few cities can compare with Santa Barbara for vision and ideal beauty. A Phoenix-city arose from the ruins of two great cataclysms with its dream strengthened. Several years back earthquakes leveled the business section of the town. Practically a clean slate was offered the city fathers. What was once a frontier type of town was then mostly a jumble of brick and mortar. Yet above this devastation rose a great dream. An Art Commission, with Bernard Hoffman and the late James Osborne Craig at its head, visualized Santa Barbara with a unit architecture, the Colonial architecture of Spain and they set about to fashion it out of the ruins. Go to Santa Barbara today, and you see not only the realization of a great civic dream but the result of an unceasing faith in that dream. For the business section of Santa Barbara today has adopted, for the most part, the type of architecture selected by the Art Commission. It has been applied to shops and office buildings and banks and homes alike. One leaves the town with a definite and lasting impression of beauty.

Not only was the plan conceived to meet the needs and tastes of the present generation, but the buildings are so designed that they will satisfy the increased traffic and business requirements of fifty years hence. This is town-planning at its best.

But such magnificent work was not merely the result of amateur enthusiasm. It needed the skilled hand of such town-planners as John Cheney; it needed the zealous and ceaseless leadership of such idealists as Bernard Hoffman; it needs the support of the newspapers, the politicians, the people, the banks. Rarely in this country or abroad do you find so perfect a synchronizing of effort; rarely do you find such magnificent results.

If we were asked where best one might study Town Betterment, we would say "Go to Santa Barbara and sit at the feet of its Art Commission."

A POEM

A nervous man, just yesterday,
Wheeled upon a lady—
Clutched his hands about her throat
And tried to choke her.

When A. P. F., who sits as judge,
Asked him why he done it,
He said: "That steel punch drove me mad
On the hut of Dr. Kocher."

—DICK JOHNSON

(Editor's Note—Rotten!)

VALENTINE PORTER EVOLVES RARE CAST FOR ROMEO-JULIET

Valentine Porter, who is much concerned over the threat of the city fathers to deprive the dogs of Carmel of the freedom of the streets, has selected certain canine favorites of the town, those she has known from little girlhood, for places of honor in local dramatics. She has made up a cast for Romeo and Juliet, which is as follows:

Romeo	Rastus Boke
Juliet	Lady Stewart
Juliet's Nurse	Fubsy Porter
Lady Capulet	Lady Olga
Capulet	Brownie Overstreet
Mercutio	Firefly Yates
Benvolio	Blackie
Tybalt	Bobbie Harris
Montague	Brownie Bragg
Friar Laurence	Tupense Greene
The Prince	Dick Flanders
Lady Montague	Greene's Collie
Paris	Buddy DeYoe
Page to Paris	Little Brownie Maguire
Balthasar	Pal Leach
Abram	Blue
Gregory	Tippy
Peter	Tiny Arne
Friar John	Laddie Watson
Page to Mercutio	Boots Remsen
Page to Benvolio	Kiki Hartley
Page to Tybalt	Toto Sampson
Page to Petruchio	Little Leone
Mob and Townspeople	All beach dogs, village dogs

Tony and Monte Hinkle are invited to be understudies for Capulet and Benvolio.

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What Harry Hansen Thinks of Jeffers' Latest Volume of Poetry

THERE seems to be something decidedly incongruous in publishing the poetry of Robinson Jeffers in mid-summer. In these days, when books should be like running brooks, cool and refreshing, we get the tempestuous surge of Jeffers' mighty line, speeding up heart action and getting us all het up. "The Women at Point Sur" is his latest attack on our feelings.

Robinson Jeffers is not a poet; he is a phenomenon of nature. Every so often he emits, with great intensity and violent force, long harangues about lives as twisted and gnarled as the trees of his California coast. In his lines comes the surge of the Pacific, the relentless attack of the sea upon the land.

Dispassionate consideration of his work is impossible. Quiet discussion of his qualities, say in some olive-tinted room with a flunky serving tea, is unthinkable. I cannot even conceive an evening at the Little Theatre for Robinson Jeffers, with Carl Van Doren bestowing the cordon rouge of the Literary Guild. No, indeed, Jeffers should land at the Battery, be assaulted by ticker tape and given the freedom of the city at City Hall.

However, there is one drawback to this municipal laudation that I propose, and that is the fact that Jeffers, more than any other poet of our day, has woven his story out of sexual abnormalities. Like "Tamar" and "Roan Stallion," the new poem, "The Women at Point Sur," deals with them.

This reminds us that the enjoyment of poetry is a relative matter. It is not for us to say with what themes the poet shall deal. All the world is his—the sea and the sky, and the depths of his own being. If it happens that he sees nothing but dark, forbidding things that's his affair. We exercise our right to read or not to read.

"The Women at Point Sur" deals with those dark, earthbound people of the soil whose spiritual gropings are based on a dire and tyrannous animism. Incest, rape, homosexuality, lust, covetousness, hatred bred of sexual readjustments—these are woven into the theme.

Like the earlier poems, too, the whole action of "The Women of Point Sur" is bound up with the abnormalities of the California landscape. There are those who sing of California in sweet molodies, who play rich notes upon the pipes of Pan. Not so Robinson Jeffers.

In his lines nature rages and tears at the land. Tempests sweep over the water, fogs obscure human sight. Winds shake and shatter the decaying house and the insecure chimney, long propped up against the inevitable collapse. So are the lives described here. Their spirits never rise very far from the soil. They are one with nature, and knowing God in

Jeffers' plan is a pantheistic conception.

Jeffers is surrounded by enthusiasts and apologists. Edgar Lee Masters thinks "The Women at Big Sur" is "the greatest poem produced in America in many years." George Sterling just before his death a year ago declared that what echoes there were in Jeffers belonged to the great Greeks.

It has become customary whenever a poet deals with incest to acclaim him as of the Greeks, but this relationship seems remote. The fine restraint, the inherent taste, of the Greek has long been lost by our more robust barbarians. Jeffers writes much that is unsavory and uncalled for.

In place of restraint Jeffers offers us a wild fling of the emotions, bidding us exhaust our feelings by means of his own intensity. The whole poem moves forward with this surge, this sweep of line and nature with its "bronze hills," its "many-folded hills," its high redwoods that "quit roaring to scream," its "blackened waste of the hill," its fogs and tempests, and in human beings a wild outgrowing of love and passion. It is idle to try for comparisons. Jeffers' work must be himself, and you either take it or leave it, according to your need and your desire.

—HARRY HANSEN

Norris Entertaining William Rose Benet

KATHLEEN Norris, who has been staying in Carmel for some time, left last week for San Francisco, where she met William Rose Benet, who will spend this month at La Estancia, the Saratoga home of the Norrises.

William Rose Benet is assistant editor of the Saturday Review of Literature. He was born in New York, and graduated from Yale in 1917. He then joined the staff of the Century Magazine. In 1919 his wife, Threse, who was the sister of Kathleen Norris, died leaving three children, James Walker Benet, Frances Rosemary, and Kathleen Ann. These children have been with Mrs. Norris. The present Mrs. Benet is author of the novel "The Orphan Angel", written under her pen name of Eleanor Wylie.

The poet said in San Francisco "I think poetry is in a very promising state in America at present, and I think we have done some good work. What they called the Renaissance of American poetry came down just before the war. In Lindsay, Masters, Lowell and Sandberg are people who were just starting in. Then the war came along. Since that time there has not been the same general interest in poetry—though a district impetus has been given through these writers, and more has been written during this period than pre-

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

ceding it."

Asked whether free verse had brought any valuable contribution to our literature the poet said it had, though it is hard to write well.

"California poets can't help but influence American poetry," he continued, and spoke affectionately of the late George Sterling.

The Bunker family, who have been in Carmel for some time, have left for Modesto.

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Ultra Modern Architecture

(Special to The Carmel Cymbal)

BEFORE we have become merely modern in our architecture we are assailed with lecturers who advocate Ultra Modern Abstractions in Concrete and Plaster, Stucco and Tile or what have you!

Too long we have prided ourselves that we appreciate art when what we really appreciate is art's reflection of nature. Especially as Californians are we liable to be satisfied with our abundant natural beauties? If we are to progress in culture, which implies art appreciation, we must strive to understand abstract beauty as found in art and to outdo nature with art. Do we not outdo her on the lithographed fruits and vegetables on the paper wrappers which beautify our carload lots of California products? We have not developed sure art appreciation in California or else we would not build such houses and furnish them with such, thus and so furnishings as we largely do.

The true Californian type home may be the Spanish-Mexican type thus far but somewhere in the near future we will survey a new type of home as typically Californian as the "Sky-Scraper" is American. These homes, humble or hostelrys, will be consistent with their time, their place and the people. They will be romantic and practical at once. They will be alive with beauty of modern textures, lovely with the proportions of newer needs and as advanced in details as modern science will allow. They will differ from the pre-war bungalow as much as brown stone fronts differ from Riverside Drive apartments. They will be our first sincere expression of the American Era of Art leadership which is close on us. The architecture of tomorrow will be a symposium of all the fine and applied arts of today that seem idealistic and impossible in their adolescence, yet they will settle down and marry some practical common sense and rear gorgeous progeny. People are more and more home-minded, back to the soil and our own vine and fig tree, instead of flat and dumb waiter.

To some the term Ultra-Modern means Utterly too Ultra for any Use. To others it means an extreme which does away with past cramped styles and foretells the Beyond Now, which is Ultra Modern, today and will probably live in a fine form as the Art of Tomorrow. If the Futurist group in Italy before the War had not called their advanced ideas "Futurism" and given their art a black eye along with the black shirt of Facism, we might call all advanced art in the last stages of its development. Future Art. But alas the Modern Art of today cannot tell what its name will be tomorrow anymore than a popular debutante can prophesy her married name.

Cubism is the maiden aunt of the Jazz Art and the Neurotic Schools. They may live for just what they are in the history

of art—as adventurous youngsters who have sly affairs with Advertising and Magazine Art and set wild examples to nice little art students, who revolt against decent design and conventions. All the disturbances they stir up only serve to greater analysis of "what is art and why do I like what I like and know what I don't like." From this will come fundamental art of architecture.

One of the finest living architects is coming to Carmel to tell us that we do not appreciate what fine feats we have already accomplished in our domestic and Industrial architecture. This is R. M. Schindler, who will talk on architecture in Johan Hagemeyer's Studio on Monday, August 8th, at 8 P. M. The hospitable pictorial photographer, Hagemeyer, is well known for his architectural prints of ultra-modern mein, which explains his accord with the lecture.

Schindler came to America to study the Frank Lloyd Wright architectural achievements and had charge of his studio for two years while Wright was in Japan, occupied with the erection of the famous Imperial Hotel in Tokio.

The endless beauties and possibilities of California fascinated Schindler so that he established himself in Los Angeles, where the Aline Barnsdall residence on Olive Hill is a fine example of his trend.

Schindler and Richard Neutra, a noted architect have founded the ARCHITECTURAL GROUP FOR INDUSTRY AND COMMERCE, LOS ANGELES, with the idea that new architectural forms without dead traditions would be more readily accepted in industrial buildings. Therefore the architecture to come will be as characteristic of our time as the pyramids were for Egypt.

Schindler's lecture will touch on the development of the human dwellings in the past in order to discuss the actual problem of our modern homes and their marvelous possibilities.

—GENE HAILEY

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YOU GUESS



When Bob Hestwood brought the above piece of mutilated linoleum in to us yesterday we naturally asked: "What is it?" "Well", he began, with his usual brilliance of tone and countenance, "It isn't Frank Sheridan as 'Macbeth' or Bill Durham doing anything; it's By Ford in a George Ball conception of Shakespeare's 'Whether You Like It or Not' at the Carmel Circus." And with that he walked away and left us cold.

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

ENGLUND NOW POLICE CHIEF
AND HE CAN PROVE IT!

If there is any doubt in your mind as to who is Chief of Police of this village just walk up real close to former Marshal Gus Englund today and gaze upon that scintillating gold shield that adorns his gaberdine coat. You will read thereon in letters of clarity and assurance the words: "Chief of Police, Carmel-by-the-Sea, California", surrounding nothing less than a replica of the Great Seal of the State.

There will be no more burglaries, imagined, editorialized on, or otherwise.

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In Which Daughter Writes a Letter

EDITOR, S. F. Chronicle:

In a recent "Safety Valve" letter one John Anderson gave us what he termed "Lesson Number Two" in the pronunciation of the Hawaiian language. He said that the residents of Kauai would appreciate his explanation of the correct manner of pronouncing the name of their island. I thought that they wouldn't and decided to write to you about it, but fell back on the excuse: "What's the use?", and didn't. But your editorial the other day on your difficulty with the spelling of the good old Kiawi tree has given more strength to my daring. John Anderson would have us to understand that the native, or Hawaiian pronunciation of Kauai is as we in English would pronounce "cow-y". It isn't. If we accept "cow" for the first syllable, but only for the moment, we cannot, even for that infinitesimal time, accept the "y". The second syllable, is, actually, two syllables and, in English, would be pronounced as "ah-e". The Hawaiians say it rapidly, but distinctly as two syllables, and it sounds to the uninitiated "malihini" in Hawaii something vaguely like a "y". But there are no diphthongs in the Hawaiian language and the two letters, "ai", must be separately pronounced. And, too, this applies to what Mr. Anderson has lumped as one syllable with his "cow". It should be pronounced as we would say in English, "kah-oo", and the Hawaiians so pronounce it. The complete word, therefore is as the English sounds, "Kah-oo—ah-e" I have placed a dash in the middle of the word, because the Hawaiians give it a longer pause there which leads Mr. Anderson into the misapprehension that there are only two syllables. If you will permit me to carry this thing a bit further let me lay down a rule for the pronunciation of Hawaiian. No syllable in Hawaiian can contain more than one vowel and one consonant, and when there are these two the consonant must precede the vowel. When there is only one letter in a syllable, as is very often the case, that letter must be a vowel, of course. In other words every syllable in Hawaiian either is a vowel or ends in one. Thus, the Hawaiian word we use often, "Waikiki" is not properly pronounced "Wi-ke-ke", but "Wah-e-ke-ke". One of the queens of Hawaii, or perhaps she was only a princess,

bore the name "Likelike". We would be inclined to have called her "Like-like", which she would not have liked-liked at all. The Hawaiians make a pretty name of it, and say, "Le-kay—Le-kay", all their vowels having the broad Latin sound. The name of the last queen of Hawaii frightens an English-speaking person, but it is very sweet and easy if you follow my rule and say it slowly at first: like this: "Le-le-oo-o-kah-lah-ne". And please, Oh please, remember my rule, and PRONOUNCE the "h" with the final "a" when you say Hawaii's most beautiful word,

ALOHA,

WILMA BASSETT

AN INTERESTING ENGAGEMENT

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Annchen von Gaal, adopted daughter of the late Baroness Lucile von Gaal of Vienna, to Mr. Charles Lyndehurst Towne of Carmel, son of Col. and Mrs. E. C. Lyndehurst Towne of Wimbledon, England. Miss von Gaal is a niece of Baroness Alice Nugent of Carmel, Mrs. Elizabeth Younger Macdonald and Miss Maud Younger, daughters of Dr. William J. Younger, a pioneer of California. At present Miss von Gaal is visiting her cousin, Mrs. Ashfield Ellis Stow in San Francisco. The wedding will take place in the early fall.

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New Music Society Promises Concert

THE NEW MUSIC SOCIETY of California, of which Henry Cowell, young modernist composer, is president, will give at least one concert in San Francisco during the coming season. The southern group has been active for more than two years and the several large concerts of ultra-modern music have attracted eager audiences.

The date for the San Francisco concert is set for October 25 and the important composers in the modern school will be well represented, including Schoenberg, Stravinsky, Varese and Ruggles. It is hoped that a series of smaller concerts in outlying cities will be possible later.

The organization's *raison d'être* is the furtherance of interest in music of a type so new as not to be sponsored by conservative groups, on the basis that while all such music is not equally fine, it still contains masterpieces, and the worth of works cannot be judged without a hearing. The New Music Society is affiliated with the International Composers' Guild of New York, and each year sends a selection of compositions by Americans to the following organizations with a view of possible production, and receives from them in turn the latest works by composers in their respective countries: The Society for Contemporary Music of London, the Societe Independente of Paris, the November Gruppe of Berlin, the Polish Artistic Club of Warsaw, the Modern Composers' Guild of Prague, the Moravian Composers' Society of Brun, Uj Fold of Budapest. This interchange insures more productions and better understanding of modern American music abroad, and insures a contact with the latest European developments.

A very important function of the New Music Society is the publication of works by modern composers, in the form of a quarterly periodical, called "New Music", the first issue of which will be out October 1 of this year. Olive Thompson of San Francisco is the secretary of the organization and the executive board includes: Bruce Buttlers, Dene Denny, Henry Eicheim, Winifred Hooke, D. Rudhyar and Adolph Tandler. The general advisory board includes: Bela Bartok, Arthur Bliss, Alfredo Casella, Ruth Crawford, Eugene Goossens, Alois Haba, Pal Kadosa, Zoltan Kodaly, Francesco Malipiero, Georges Migo, Leo Ornstein, Carl Ruggles, Carlos Salzedo, E. Robert Schmitz, Istvan Szelenyi, Edgar Varese, Imre Weis- haus.

Cowell will direct a large orchestra in the first concert of the society here.

An Interesting Letter

DEAR EDITOR BASSETT:
I wish that you and every artist-minded person had the time to look into the new School of Rythmo-Chromat-

ic Design under Rudolph Schaeffer. I am going to his lectures. When I have absorbed all his important abstract theories I am going to start a series of articles on "Modern Prismatic Color, Rythmo-Chromatic Design and Plastic Form Applied to Everyday Life." It is a rigorous course and very fundamental and new. He uses color machines from physics laboratories to explain his theory of color as light vibration. He has pupils from all over America and a very fresh, fine viewpoint. He has advanced from the old Viennese and Munich design, the Arts Decoratif motif, etc., relates it to Oriental and primitive design and adds this Rythm in color harmony which is just beginning to be used and understood properly. I am more stimulated by these studies than any I have ever had in so-called fine arts classes. The discipline in exercises, color analysis, etc. is far freer from affectation and basic than Dow, and his ilk, of earlier influence. Schaeffer is wholly an artist, practical withal and not a method tyrant.

He conducts his workshop in the heart of Chinatown, as well as his school and lecture room downtown. Here apprentice advanced pupils work on Schaeffer's own stage sets, modern furnishings, screens etc. All very clean, systematic and concentrated workmanship. They conceive in the abstract first and then carry things to a consistent end. No artiness and confused note as in other art schools. They have a clear conception of the abstract and the concrete in design and the offices of each.

Schaeffer is too humble in his talks for such a vital subject. Sometimes his audiences are not completely prepared for what he has to say but he carries the ones who do get it, along with a fine impetus. His humbleness is born of his sense of the mere beginning and early exploration in the field. I do not know of any European researcher along modern scientific color lines who is as useful as he is. He does not get maudlin over "color symbolism, mood emotion", and such sentimental angles as do some design and color exponent.

He is not "ultra modern" with that streak of madness born of utter materialism. His work is based on the same old reliable principles, plus the greater analysis of color, line and mass in rythm relationship. I'll send you a real taste of it as soon as I complete the course and am saturated with the theme so that it sounds sensible to sensible people. . . and stimulating to insensible persons and sane to flighty arty would-be artists. It is as important in my young life as the discovery of America was to the old world.

Cordially Yours,
GENE HAILEY.

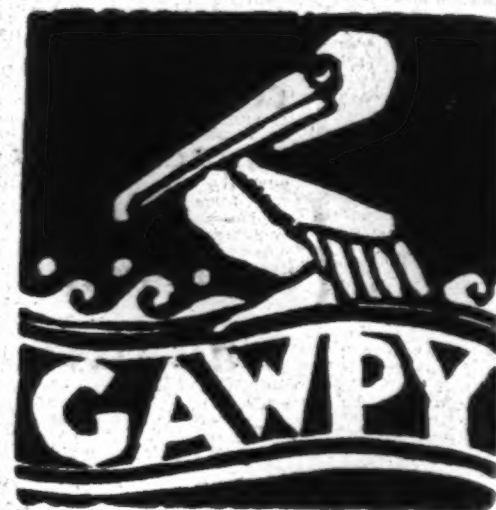
A BIT SURPRISING

A young man only recently returned from an exciting trip to foreign climes. Because he had a mother all the papers seized upon the fact and used whole columns to celebrate the devotion of this little

family. Now in all truth there was scant love between them. For years the young man and the older women had been estranged. The papers knew this, but they carefully avoided any mention of the fact. To tell the truth would have broken the great heart of America, which much go bareheaded always when motherhood is mentioned.

This suppression of the facts may possibly have been a kindness to the sentimental and thin-skinned public, but it was a great cruelty to the boy and to his mother. So pitiless was the publicity forced upon them that they had to pretend an affection which did not exist and kiss quite palpably for all the tabloids.

—HEYWOOD BROWN
(in the New York World)



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The MISSION MESA

The Mesa overlooking Carmel Mission is at last available for home building.

The steady growth of Carmel, the rapid sale of Hatton Fields sites, and the increasing scarcity of building areas larger than one or two town lots, necessitate the opening of new land for homes.

The installation of water mains on the Mission Mesa has already been completed. The roads are finished. There is nothing to prevent immediate construction.

The view from this property is Carmel's finest--ocean, bay and river mouth, mountains, Point Lobos, valley floor, artichoke beds, Mission.

Plots will run, roughly, from one-quarter of an acre to one and one-half acres in area.

Prices will vary according to size and location. A number of lovely sites around one-third of an acre--equal to three or four Carmel 40 x 100 foot lots--will go at from \$1,200 to \$1,500.

Enter the Mission Mesa from below Carmel Mission or from the County Road to the eastward of Hatton Fields.

Or, better, allow a representative of the Carmel Land Company to show you.

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